

## The Evening World

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 41 Park Row.  
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## OUR OWN NEEDS FIRST.

THIS NATION is forced into actual war with Mexico the attention of the country is going to fix itself searchingly upon the men and the machinery by whom and by means of which American troops must be rushed into Mexico—and maintained there.

Allowances are to be made for a lack of preparedness, the blame for which rests upon the nation as a whole. But there will be no allowances for blunders or delays in getting the most out of resources on hand.

Supplies for the National Guard appear to be in many States inadequate. From all directions come calls for blankets, uniforms, shoes, leggings, tents and rifles. Purchasing departments of various arsenals lament that they have been "taken unawares." Army warehouses find themselves without stocks large enough to meet the sudden demands.

All this was to be expected. Nor need it be too much regretted provided it drives home the lesson of preparedness. But there must be no mistakes now—no delay in placing orders for equipment, clothing and food, no doubt of prompt delivery.

The country is in a full flood of prosperity. Many of its industries are specializing in munitions and all else required for the maintenance of armies. Let it never be said that though we supplied Europe's war needs we could not meet our own.

## MONOPOLY'S NEW METHODS.

A FEDERAL COURT decision orders the dissolution of the \$80,000,000 Corn Products Refining Company, which obtained its charter in New Jersey in 1906.

No doubt as to the methods employed by this corporation in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is left by the opinion of Federal Judge Learned Hand:

"The Corn Products Refining Company has not only been characterized throughout by attempts to create sporadic competition, but we have the richest possible evidence that they never meant to maintain it as a policy, but only to drive out weaker competitors so as to maintain the field."

"All their conduct illustrates the kind of competition which tries to prevent the development of newcomers who might permanently secure their own position."

Deceptive competition between the units of great producing and industrial combinations is to-day one of the most insidious methods of attack upon the purses of American consumers.

When the Sherman Law made trusts illegal the master minds of the latter began to study how the progeny could be taught to keep up the predatory habits of the parent. They found the answer in a masque of false competition behind which the old price-fixing could go on unchallenged.

If the Federal Courts are awake to monopoly's new dodge, so much the better. The consumer never needed protection more than at this time when Europe's war has furnished the country's big producers with fresh pretexts and disguises for their schemes of plunder.

## MARKSMANSHIP AT PLATTSBURG.

THE rookies at Plattsburg appear to have made a fair record at shooting, considering that many of the men had never pulled the trigger of a rifle before they went to camp.

Of the 1,360 enrolled, 534 (some 40 per cent.) qualified as marksmen or better. To qualify as a marksman a man has to make a preliminary score of at least 150 out of a possible 225 and then pass a second test with at least 160 out of a possible 230. Fifty-eight men qualified as "expert riflemen," having made 210 out of a possible 250; and 205 earned the right to be called "sharpshooters" on the strength of 190 out of a possible 250.

This shows that even brief training will do. Still more, it shows the desirability of some rifle practice for every able-bodied citizen likely to be called on to defend his country.

The Swiss are not exactly a warlike people. Yet every Swiss citizen between the ages of twenty and forty-eight (with minor exemptions) is not only bound to render personal military service, but must also attain a certain proficiency as a marksman, however many times he has to be called out for practice to gain the requisite skill.

This nation may try hard to be the most peaceful on earth. But as the world stands to-day the peaceful need to do some of the straightest shooting.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

Fortunate is the man whose thoughts mostly come in time to check the impulse to say something that is better left unsaid.—Albany Journal.

Miladi says in the language of the flowers orchids mean that a fool and his money are soon parted.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Many of this season's shirts recognize one to the noise made by a flat wheel.

To be comfortable a girl's shoes must be of the latest style.—Toledo Blade.

Reputation for wisdom has been gained through impressive silence, but apparently only a few people care to be considered wise.

If you have formed a beautiful mental picture of the cheerful giver don't spoil it by passing around the hat.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

At that, however, the only persons who get any benefit out of an investigation into the high cost of necessities are the persons who make the investigations.

A Western preacher says a man is all the better off for having a few enemies. It's all right, if they are friendly enemies. But if they are not like them when they pose as friends.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Letters From the People

Advice Solicited.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would appreciate advice on the following questions: Has a telegrapher (railway or Western Union and commercial) a future to look forward to and what is the average salary? Would you advise a young man to enter this profession? Also what is your opinion of the sign painting business. Is it paying and is the work usually permanent throughout the year? Thanking you in advance, I am,

AMBITIOUS.

A Longer Holiday.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
As the Fourth of July will fall this year on Tuesday, would it not be a splendid idea for stores and other business establishments to remain closed on the Monday of that week, thus giving the employee three or four consecutive days off?

Rest and recreation are essential to health, and a generous holiday spirit of this sort increases the loyalty and efficiency of employees and is appreciated by all intelligent and thoughtful patrons.

CONSIDERATE SHOPPER.

## Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"You're a Chump to Work So Hard. The More You Do, the More You'll Have to Do."

## Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor.  
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## CHAPTER XXXI.

SEPTEMBER 1.—It was bill day today. I am beginning to feel convicted of being an extravagant wife. But what can I do? What will Ned permit me to do?

Last month I urged him to give me an allowance for the house, so that I might make cash purchases and take advantage of cheap prices in the different markets. But he only laughed at me and offered me \$5 for bonbons. Why is it so much easier for a man to be generous than for him to be just?

This month, as I watched him open the bills, I didn't again propose an allowance. I thought there would be no use in that. Oh, I wonder if I'm giving an unfair impression of Ned! I wouldn't do it even in a diary. As he glanced over the bills he didn't scowl or grumble. He didn't say one cross word, or make a protest of any sort. He wasn't at all like the grouchy husband of the comic papers, to whom a wife submits the monthly expenses with fear and trembling.

Simply, his mouth puckered into a soundless whistle and then he sighed. I longed to put my arms around his neck and say, "Dear, if you'll only trust me with a purse I can reduce all these horrible things." And I could, for I remember mother's saying that people who pay by the month pay through the nose.

This morning, however, I put forward another plan. "Ned," I began, after I had poured me a second cup of coffee, "Sarah thinks you're the most wonderful person in the world."

He laughed. "There was nothing serious about the matter with her baby," he observed. "I've been thinking about that family. I plunged on. 'They can't live on what Jerry earns. Sarah wants work but has such difficulty in finding it, since she must keep little Mose with her. Ned, why can't I give Bertha a month's notice this morning when I pay her and do the work myself with Sarah's assistance? She would be glad to come three or four days every week and I shouldn't mind a bit having that dear little pink-anony in the kitchen.'"

I saw his lips shaping a refusal and I marshaled my own arguments. "I can cook as well as Bertha," I told him. "Mother had me learn all about cooking and household management. She said that every woman should know these things. And why shouldn't I put my knowledge in practice, just now?"

We should save Bertha's board, as well as her wages. There'll be less waste when I prepare the food. Well, help out Jerry and his family by giving Sarah some work. She can do the laundry and the scrubbing and anything else I desire. This apart-

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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ALL his youth a man goes searching for a goddess—just in order that he may pull her off her pedestal and treat her like a kitten.

The dullest fate on earth, for a man, is to be married to a woman who is so fascinating that he can't even enjoy flirting with other women.

A man may forgive a woman for making a fool of him, but he can never forgive her for allowing him to make a fool of HER.

It's a funny thing about being in love, that you never know whether it is the real thing or not until you have gotten over it, and discover that you are still fond of one another.

Why, oh why, will the comic artists still insist on drawing those pictures of the irate wife waiting up with a rolling pin for her erring husband? After a hard morning shopping, and a hard afternoon at bridge, no wife has the energy left to sit up and play "Right-in-the-window" nowadays; and besides the average woman wouldn't know where to find a rolling pin if she had one.

After fifty, almost any man can honestly say: "Alas, I have kissed all those women I ought not to have kissed—and left unknissed all those I ought to have kissed!"

Three cocktails a day can keep an artificial love alive—and drown a real one.

A man's idea of a really efficient wife is the kind that can make strawberry ice-cream out of one berry and a can of condensed milk.

A man's heart is like a dollar watch; no matter how hard it has been thrown down it goes right on running.

## Our First Labor Strike.

THE first labor strike in America occurred in Philadelphia 120 years ago, when 300 shoemakers quit work and refused to return until their employers had granted their demand for increased wages. After this successful struggle there were no further important demonstrations of the solidarity of labor until 1848, when a great strike of weavers was declared in Fall River, marking the beginning of the long series of labor troubles in industrial New England. The first railroad strike was declared in 1877. The use

of this weapon did not become widely prevalent until the period from 1885 to 1893, when there were a great number of important strikes in the United States and Canada. In 1892 the industrial and transportation world was convulsed by six great strikes, including the one at Homestead, Pa., and two railway strikes. Fully 100,000 men were affected by the railroad strike of 1894, originating with the employees of the Pullman Company. A big strike of western Pennsylvania coal miners began in 1884, and since then strikes have been of frequent occurrence in the mining districts of North America.

It is so easy to take care of. I'm sure we're spending too much money, dear, and not saving enough for your study-trip in Europe. Besides, I shall feel so much better to know that I am definitely helping you in some way. "You are my wife," Ned spoke in the tone of flat finality which he used when he is impervious to argument. "And my wife doesn't have to cook and wash dishes. If I let you do such things I should be ashamed to look anybody in the face. Men would think me a pretty poor stick if I couldn't give my wife at least as good a home as she had before she married me. Your mother keeps a

## How Our Cities Were Named

By Eleanor Clapp

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## No. 4—Philadelphia.

BECAUSE an English king was unable to pay his debts a famous American city was founded. It happened in this way. Before he came to the throne Charles II. was in very hard luck and obliged to borrow from anybody who would lend him money. Admiral Sir William Penn once furnished him with \$8,000. This was never repaid and in his will the Admiral left the claim to his son, who greatly to the disapproval of his family and friends had become a Quaker.

Now the Quakers were a persecuted sect and young Penn himself had been several times imprisoned and was expelled from Oxford University for attending Quaker meetings. He had spent his fortune freely in aid of these poor people and longed to found a colony where they could have religious freedom. Knowing that it was hopeless to try to collect the money he asked the King to give him a large tract of land in America for the debt. Charles was delighted to get out of his difficulties so easily and he had more land in the new country than he knew what to do with, so Penn became the proprietor of a large tract on the nominal condition of paying two hundred acres annually to the government.

As this land was thickly wooded the great Quaker wanted to call it "Sylvania," sylvia being the Latin word for forest, but against his wish his own name was prefixed to it by the King and the new province was called "Pennsylvania." Charles was always very good natured if it cost him nothing.

In 1681 Penn sent out a company of emigrants to settle on his lands and a year later came over himself and purchased the ground for his chief settlement from some Swedes, who had bought it from the Indians. He called it Philadelphia, which is a Greek word that means "brotherly love." He is said to have built it "four-square," with streets at right angles, on the plan of the ancient city of Babylon. He wrote that he wished it to be "a fair green country town" and he called the streets after the trees.

At first Philadelphia consisted of but three or four log houses and some of the people lived in hollow trees, but settlers came rapidly and in three years it gained more population than New York had in fifty, and soon became the largest settlement in the colonies. Philadelphia took a prominent part in the Revolution. It was the meeting place of the Continental Congress, and the Declaration of Independence was signed here in Independence Hall in 1776. The Constitution of the United States was drafted here, and it was the capital of the United States for ten years, from 1790 to 1800.

## Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## CHIQUITA. By Theophile Gautier.

ONTO the blue sun Inn stamped the coach load of tired travelers. The warmth and light of the big stone kitchen were welcome pleasant to them after the chill of the mountain night.

Little Chiquita, a dark-eyed gypsy child, who was carried up like a monkey cat at a corner of the fireplace, lifted herself lazily on one elbow to blink at the newcomers. From one to another of them her shadowy gaze moved, noting the gorgeousness of their apparel and the air of majestic self-importance that marked all.

One woman, whom the others treated with special deference and whom they addressed as "Mlle. Isabelle," attracted Chiquita's interest above all the rest. She wore a dress of rare magnificence, and as she laid aside her cloak the child could see about her throat a necklace of enormous pearls.

Presently Chiquita slipped unseen from the inn and ran to a spot where the mountain road entered the forest. At a signal a man came from the shadows of the trees, calling her by name.

"A stoutful of people have just stopped at the inn, Agostino," she whispered excitedly to him. "They carried five great trunks with them. And all of them were gold ornaments. One of the ladies has a row of the loveliest round white gems about her neck! Will you give me that necklace of gems, Agostino, when you kill her? I deserve it for being such a faithful spy to you."

"Hm!" mused the brigand. "Five trunks, gold ornaments and a pearl necklace! They are certainly worth a try."

"And I shall have the pearls?" begged Chiquita. "We haven't got them yet," was Agostino's evasive reply. At dusk the innkeeper resumed his journey. The travelers had seen to the clamping of their trunks on the vehicle's top, and now they were chatting gaily as they journeyed along inside the rickety old conveyance. Suddenly the four lean horses halted to a halt, as a voice from the wooded roadside shouted: "Stand and deliver! At first sign of resistance my men will fire."

Barreling there stood the fierce Agostino, a long knife in his hand. On a hillock just behind him were ranged six picturesque ragged figures, each leveling a musket at the stage.

The women screamed. One of the men, however, leaped down from the stage and, sword in hand, rushed upon Agostino. As the passenger advanced Agostino buried his knife at him. The passenger nimbly dodged the whirling blade, and in another second he was menacing the disarmed bandit with his sword point. Other passengers ran up and bound Agostino. Then they turned to look again at his six comrades.

The ragged figures still stood motionless, with muskets levelled. None had fired or had so much as stirred. An overbold passenger went nearer to them to investigate. The six armed figures were but scarecrows with wooden muskets. A cry of laughter arose.

"The String of Pearls." "Turn him loose!" suggested one of the passengers, nodding toward Agostino. "He has given us a good laugh. Here are a handful of pennies for him."

"I wanted the pearls so much!" sobbed Chiquita, creeping out from behind a bush.

"These things?" queried Isabelle, lifting the ponderous necklace from her own throat and handing it to the child. "Take them and welcome. They are worth perhaps two francs. You see, we are a troupe of strolling actors, and we must dress prosperously."

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I NEVER can find a thing when I want it; where's my shirt buttons?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You've got them in your shirt," said Mrs. Jarr. "And I wish you wouldn't rumple up my shirtwaists; you know your things are not in that drawer."

"They are not in any drawer," replied Mr. Jarr. "I haven't a place to keep a thing!"

"I see them in that shirt you have on," said Mrs. Jarr. "I told you that!"

"That's only the front and the back of the neckband," replied Mr. Jarr. "Don't you see that this shirt needs stud buttons? I bought half a dozen gold-plated ones some time ago."

"Put on another shirt and I'll find the buttons after you are gone. For goodness sake don't disturb and tear up everything," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Might have known you had them," grumbled friend husband. "Now where's my new blue necktie?"

"I thought you said I could have it," said Mrs. Jarr. "I wanted to wear it with that white shirtwaist and your studs and my short blue serge walking skirt."

"I never told you you could have the tie," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I was going to ask you for it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I thought you might let me have it; it is just what I wanted to wear with a stick-pin."

"And you have got my stickpin, also, have you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why don't you wear my shoes, why don't you wear my hat, why don't you wear my trousers?"

"I'll have to," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "I haven't a thing to wear of my own. Not a thing."

"Why, there's a new dress," said Mr. Jarr, pointing to a blue and white affair of some light material hanging in the closet.

"I can't wear that to-day; it looks like rain," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's the only thing I have to put on for the evening in case we want to go anywhere."

"Look at this black one," said Mr. Jarr.

"That's too heavy!"

"Well, this one!"

"It's too light!"

"Well, you can't have my shirt buttons; I want them myself," said Mr. Jarr. "Wear some of your buttoned shirtwaists."

"I haven't any fit to wear," replied Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr paused as he started to remove the buttons in question. "Look here," he said, "do you want any money for anything? If you do why don't you ask me for it?"

"What's the use?" said Mrs. Jarr, in a pained tone. "You have eyes; you can see how badly I need things. If that doesn't make you offer me money, you'd only refuse if I asked you!"

"I would not!" said Mr. Jarr stoutly. "How much do you need?"

"I need fifteen dollars, anyway," replied Mrs. Jarr, brightening up. "I could get two nice shirtwaists and I need some other things."

"Here's twenty dollars," said Mr. Jarr. "Get it changed and give me five dollars."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Jarr, clutching the money. "I need a pair of slippers."

"Well, go ahead," said Mr. Jarr in a despairing tone. "I can have two dollars back, can't I?"

"I don't see what you need with two dollars. It's simply terrible the way you waste your money!" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "What's the use to give me twenty dollars and then start to take it all away from me again? Besides shoes are high on account of the war."

"Low shoes are high on account of the war. Well, keep the twenty. Anything for peace?"

As Mr. Jarr fled she called after him: "Leave me a little change. I don't want to break this twenty-dollar bill!"

## Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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THE suffering and pain in the world would be multiplied many times if centipedes were afflicted with warts.

The roots of the woolly tree of Central Ippus grow on the bottom, the same as any other tree.

In order to make certain that your coffee pot is well ventilated you should punch several holes in the bottom, which allows the air to circulate freely.

It is estimated that the juice of the prune is fully as damp as water.

Owing to the fragile nature of the subject scientists have been unable to tell whether the inside or outside of a raindrop is the wettest.

In order to save confusion a big restaurant has inaugurated a system by which young ladies can check their chewing gum while eating.

When not in use a new false tooth folds up compactly and leaves the mouth absolutely free for snoring.

For fattening lakes a Flatbush man has invented a lake fattener which smooths the wrinkles out perfectly.